Nor. A good direction warlike ſoueraigne, *He ſheweth*
This found I on my tent this morning. *him a paper.*
Iockey of Norfolke be not ſo bold,
For Dickon thy maſter is bought and ſold.
King. A thing deuiſed by the enemie.
Go Gentlemen euery man vnto his charge,
Let not our babling dreames affright our ſoules:
Conſcience is but a word that cowards vſe,
Deuiſd at firſt to keepe the ſtrong in awe,
Our ſtrong armes be our conſcience ſwords, our lawe.
March on, ioyne brauely, let vs to it pell mell,
If not to heauen, then hand in hand to hell.
His Oration to his Armie.
What ſhall I ſay more then I haue inferd?
Remember whom you are to cope withall,
A ſort of vagabonds, raſcols and runawaies,
A ſcum of Brittains, and baſe lackey peſants,
Whom their orecloied country vomits forth,
To deſperate aduentures and aſſurd deſtruction,
You ſleeping ſafe, they bring you to vnreſt,
You hauing lands and bleſt with beauteous wiues,
They would reſtraine the one, diſtaine the other,
And who doth lead them but a paltrey fellow?
Long kept in Brittaine at our mothers coſt,
A milkeſopt, one that neuer in his life
Felt ſo much cold as ouer ſhooes in ſnow:
Lets whip theſe ſtraglers ore the ſeas againe,
Laſh hence theſe ouerweening rags of France,
Theſe famiſht beggers wearie of their liues,
Who but for dreaming on this fond exployt,
For want of means poore rats had hangd themſelues,
If we be conquered, let men conquer vs,
And not theſe baſtard Brittains whom our fathers
Haue in their owne land beaten, bobd and thumpt,
And in record left them the heires of ſhame.
Shall theſe enioy our lands, lie with our wiues?
Rauiſh our daughters, harke I heare their drum,
Fight Gentlemen of England, fight boldly yeomen,

Draw

Draw archers draw, your arrowes to the head,
Spur your proud horſes hard, and ride in bloud,
Amaze the welkin with your broken ſtaues,
What ſaies lord Stanley, will he bring his power?
Meſ. My lord, he doth denie to come,
King. Off with his ſonne Georges head.
Nor. My lord, the enemie is paſt the marſh,
After the battaile let George Stanley die.
King. A thouſand harts are great within my boſome,
Aduance our ſtandards, ſet vpon our foes.
Our ancient word of courage fare ſaint George
Inſpire vs with the ſpleene of fierie Dragons,
Vpon them, victorie ſits on our helmes. *Exeunt*
Alarum, excurſions, Enter Catesbie.
Cateſ. Reſcew my lord of Norffolke, reſcew, reſcew,
The king enacts more wonders then a man,
Daring an oppoſite to euerie danger,
His horſe is ſlaine, and all on foote he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death,
Reſcew faire lord, or elſe the day is loſt.
Enter Richard.
Kin. A horſe, a horſe, my kingdom for a horſe.
Cateſ. Withdraw my lord, ile helpe you to a horſe.
King. Slaue I haue ſet my life vpon a caſt,
And I will ſtand the hazard of the die,
I thinke there be ſixe Richmonds in the field,
Fiue haue I ſlaine to day, inſtead of him,
A horſe, a horſe, my kingdome for a horſe.
Alarum, Enter Richard and Richmond, they fight, Richard
ſlain, then retrait being ſounded. Enter Richmõd, Darby, b
ring the crowne, with other Lords, &c.
Ri. God and your armes be praiſed victorious friends
The day is ours, the bloodie dog is dead.
Dar. Couragious Richmond, well haſt thou acquit th
Loe here this long vſurped roialties
From the dead temples of this bloudie wretch,
Haue I pluckt off to grace thy browes withall,
Weare it, enioy it, and make much of it.